LINDA DYING.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN

My life's young dream of Paradise,
Thou wilt be realized to-night!
And I shall rest beyond the skies,
'Mid *changeless love* and cloudless light—
Shall gaze on the eternal Heaven
And things undying, strangely fair—
Yet—be this one regret forgiven—
My mother—I shall miss thee there!

Last even Arthur passed among
The violets on yon twilight hill
And told me—oh, my heart is wrung,
Yet thou shalt know—he loved me still,
But that this night's cold stars would hear
Another called his bride! Oh, I
Ere then must find a *far-off* sphere
Where—haste, slow hours, and let me die.

Here is a rose-bud formed of pearls,
The only gem I ever wore—
He's gathered up these careless curls
And shrined it mid them oft of yore.
Tell him to sometimes twine it through
The darkness of his bride's rich hair,
And think that *Linda loved him too*,
Whene'er he sees the trifle there.

And, mother, see this sunny braid,
The curl that erewhile kissed his brow;
Oh, when in yon hushed grave I'm laid,
Let it enclasp my arm as now.
And this—would, would that I could bear
His picture with me to the skies—
Lost, mid the angel-beauty there,
I sigh to gaze in *his* blue eyes!

The night in pity vails her stars,
I hear the sweep of seraph wings—
They come—and through the Eden bars
A strange, deep music faintly rings.
Ah, now the last, dim, lingering spark
Fades in God's temple's boundless dome—
Ere long the skies will be so dark
There angels scarce can guide me home!

Vain fear,—a flood of lovely light
Breaks from their wings to gild the way—
Most richly, gloriously bright
Will be the path where I shall stray.
Yet hear the rising wind, the rain,
More dark the clouds each instant grow—
Haste, *mother!* kiss me once again,
And let thy weary Linda go!

HOME COMFORTS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband arose from the supper-table, and took his hat.

"O—I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where?"

"What odds does it make, Emma? I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly upon a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said, in a kind, but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George. I know nothing about you when you are away."

"Pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I never feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. O—if you would stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Aha—I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me *here* evenings."

"Well—can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George, with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember—one of our plans was to make a HOME."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have a place in which to live," answered the wife, somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George. "And," he added, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Aye—I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "But you must remember that we both need relaxations from labor; we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what season have we for this save our evenings? Why should not this be my home evenings, as well as in the daytime and in the night?"

"Well—isn't it?" asked George.

"How can it be if you are not here? What makes a home for children, if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And—what real home comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You do not realize how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home-life might be passed. Come—will you not spend a few of your evenings with me?"

"You see enough of me as it is," said the husband, lightly.

"Allow me to be the judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here, all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business, as it is of yours," returned the young man. "You are used to staying here. All wives belong at home."

"Just remember, my husband, that, previous to our marriage, I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there—and I had brothers and sisters there; and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave all up for you. I left the old home, and sought a home with my husband. And now, have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why—I should like it well enough."

"Ah—but you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes, I would," said George, at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend them among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will; and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a steady, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought of no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place which his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and sleep, as long as he could pay for it. In short, he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady; and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him.—She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and "keep house."

"What will you do while I am gone?" Emma asked.

"O—I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well. I shall be back in good season."

The wife went out, and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and refer frequently to the dial. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he arose from his chair and began to pace the floor, and whistle. Then he went and got his flute, and performed several of his favorite airs. After this he got a pack of cards, and played a game of "High, Low, Jack," with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor, and whistled again. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George—I am back in good season. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Capitally," returned the husband. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have had a good time."

"O—splendid. I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all. Isn't it?"

"Why—no—I can't say that it is," returned George. "I rather like it."

"I'm glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall both enjoy ourselves now. You shall have a nice, comfortable week of it."

George winced some at this, but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go away again.

"I shall be back in good season," she said.

"Where are you going?" her husband asked.

"O—I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before; but he found it hard work. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes upon that empty chair, and the thought would come, "How pleasant it would be if *she* were here." The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself, after he had listened for some time in vain, "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late!"

But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At fifteen minutes of ten Emma came.

"A little late, ain't I?" she said, looking up at the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends, and we made a time of it. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First rate," returned George, bravely. "I think Home is a great place."

"Especially when one can have it all to himself," added the wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate some.

"Where do you think of going?" George asked, in an undertone.

"I may drop in to see Uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy. You'll know I'm safe."

"O—certainly."

When the husband was left to his own reflections, he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read—he could not play—he could not enjoy himself in any way, while THAT CHAIR was empty. In short, he found that Home had no real comfort without his wife. The ONE THING needed to make his Home cheerful was not present.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do, when she is here all alone? It must be so," he pursued, thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Before we were married, she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself:

"I can't stand this. I should die in a week. If Emma were only here, I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is. And only eight o'clock. I declare—I've a mind to walk down by Uncle John's, and see if she is there. It would be a relief to see her face. I won't go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the sidewalk, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said, in surprise, "is this you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And you do not pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word, and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her rocking-chair, and gazed up at the clock.

"You came home early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and, with an expression half smiling and half tearful, she answered:

"I will confess the truth, George: I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening; but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have no home but this."

"Say you so," cried George, moving his seat to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. "Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening, I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my sweet wife was absent. I thought I would walk down by Uncle John's, and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached."

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arm—

"I have learned a very good lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and if you love me as I love you—which, of course, I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much Home Comfort we can find while we are both here to enjoy it."

Emma was too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it nevertheless; and in a manner, too, not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by both husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home; and the longer he enjoyed this comfort the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth that it takes two to make a happy home, and that if the wife is one party, the husband must be the other.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUSTICE writes us that recently, on the acquittal by a jury, in Kentucky, of a young man who had been tried on a charge of murder, for killing a man who had committed a breach of promise of marriage with his sister under circumstances which blighted her fair name forever, the judge who presided at the trial said, among other things, to the prisoner, "Young man, had I been wronged as you have been, I would have spent every dollar I had on earth, and all that I could have begged and borrowed, and then starved upon the track of the villain, but I would have imbrued my hands in his blood!" Our correspondent says the community round about Louisville, where he lives, consider this most outrageous language for a judge to utter from his judicial seat, and he wants to know what we think about it. We agree with "the community round about Louisville." We read the remarks referred to, in the Louisville Journal, soon after they were made, and we then thought them to be a disgrace to the judicial office. If judges preach such doctrine from the bench, what sort of conduct are we to expect from the ignorant and revengeful members of society who hear it? *The law should be upheld under any and all circumstances.* It is our only safety. If one man may with impunity shoot down a fellow-citizen in the street for what offended *him*, then another man, or any man, or all men, may shoot down his or their offenders in like manner, and we are back into a state of barbarism at once. If there *is* an offence for which it is proper to shoot a man down like a dog, let us have it so declared by *the law-making power*, that the act may be legalized, and that the community may know what to expect.

LILLIAN says she is very unhappy, because her mother does not love her. She used to love her before she married a second husband; but since that her mother neglects and ill-uses her so that Lillian, who has the consumption and cannot live long, wants to die away from home, for fear that her last hours will be made unbearably wretched, if she dies beneath her step-father's roof. It seems to us that there must be some mistake here. Lillian's mind has probably become morbid, and she misunderstands her mother, and exaggerates trifles into matters of serious consequence. It does not seem possible that a mother could treat a dying daughter so shamefully as to excite in her such a mournful, not to say terrible, state of feeling as Lillian exhibits. If there is a mother in the land capable of such conduct, we hope this paragraph will meet her eye, and make her pause in her cruel career, before her daughter shall be taken to the bosom of the Great Father who is to judge us all.

LIZZIE.—You had better trust to your own instincts instead of your brother's judgment. A woman's instinctive aversion to a man whom she believes to be a bad man, without knowing why, should not be overruled by her brother's intellectual judgment of his character. A woman's instincts are more apt to be true in such a matter, than a man's judgment. Your subscription to the LEDGER can date from any time you choose.

OPOSSUM.—You had better take a manly and straightforward course, and tell the young lady's parents just what you desire. We prefer the upright course in all things. Your opossum tricks will not serve you in the end.

PUGILIST.—We cannot sympathize with you at all. The exhibition of brutal rage disgusts us; and we have a perfect abhorrence of the knock-down-and-drag-out system of tactics. You did very wrong to get into a "row" with the stranger, and thereby break up the party which had collected for innocent amusement and enjoyment. The young ladies serve you right in refusing since that time to attend any party or pic-nic where it is known you are to be present. You should imitate the renegade, Ralph Hawley, depicted in Bennett's story of "BLANCHE BERTRAND," and take refuge among the aborigines of the forest. Among them your qualities would probably be appreciated, and the "fair squaws" would not refuse to receive you into their society.

ALPHONSO.—When a couple of young men become embittered against each other, it is not necessary for one to "keep out of company" because the other frequents it. If a man meets his enemy in company, he can behave towards him in a perfectly polite yet *frigid* manner, so as not to mar the general harmony. If a person is of such an inferior nature that he cannot relish society because somebody else, whom he dislikes, enjoys it, he had better stay at home and read the story of Haman and Mordecai.

HAZEN.—You can get a complete file of the LEDGER from June 7th, 1856. The papers will cost you $4, and to get them bound will cost you $2 to $4 more, according as you can make a bargain. Binders have to charge high for such odd jobs, in order to make them profitable.

JAMES R.—You must apply to the British post-office authorities for information, explanations, and redress. Such mistakes do, and *will*, occur, no matter how careful the clerks and agents of the post-office department may be.

CLEOPATRA has been courted by a rich widower for nearly a year, and they were engaged to be married about two months ago. Within a very short time, "a dashing widow" has made her appearance in the village wherein Cleopatra lives, and from the day she took up her abode therein, the attentions of the widower lover have rapidly abated. He has been seen in close conversation with the widow on several occasions, and Cleopatra is nearly heart-broken from apprehension that she is to be deserted by her lover, whom the intriguing widow is (as Cleopatra is convinced) trying to win away from her, and she asks, "What shall I do? Would it do any good to accuse him of his inconstancy? Would it be of any use to call on the widow, and state the case to her? What *shall* I do?" You had better not do either of the things suggested. Should you accuse your lover of inconstancy, you and he would have a first class quarrel, and there would certainly be an end of your hopes. Should you call on the widow and "state your case to her," she would of course tell your lover of it, and he would be furious at your interference, while *she* would laugh at you. Your best course is to do nothing, except to be as good and amiable as you possibly can. If your lover is base enough to forfeit his word and his honor, he must be a miserable fellow, and the sooner you get rid of him the better. You say you have his letters to you. Keep them, and if he marries the "dashing widow," sue him for breach of promise; and as you are poor and he is rich, the jury will give you consolatory damages. It is very bad policy for a girl to try to make a man marry her who wants to marry somebody else.

G. F.—The authorship of the term "*Know thyself*," has been generally attributed to Thales, the Milesian, a cotemporary of Josiah, the great prophet of Israel, who used to say the hardest thing in the world for a man to know, was himself. It was adopted by the Greeks, and in the course of time it was inscribed, in the temple at Delphos, in golden letters, and finally secured the dignity and authority of one of the divine oracles said to issue therefrom. The more superstitious and credulous of the Grecians were wont to ascribe its origin to Apollo himself. For this belief Cicero accounts by saying it was "because it hath such a weight of sense and wisdom in it as appears too great for mortal man." There is nothing people are more deficient in than their own characters. They spend a great deal of time in learning useless things, but take no pains to study themselves! And it is worthy of remark that God himself is represented by the prophet above named, as attributing the apostacy of his chosen people to their neglect of this indispensable study, in the expression, "My people do not consider;" while Moses, in the tenth chapter of Exodus, exhorts, "Take heed to *thyself*!"—a phrase almost identical in significance with a celebrated saying of the Greeks, translated by Pope into the familiar words of the poet—

"*Know, then, thyself!* Presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man."

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER says she knows by experience that the application of a *cotton* bandage to a cut or wound is improper, and that it should always be of *linen;* but she does not know the *reason why*, and therefore she wants the LEDGER, which, she informs us, is her pet paper, to explain the matter for her. The reason is this: the fibres of which linen is composed are perfectly rounded, soft, and pliable, and, from the porous quality of its texture it easily absorbs the blood or matter which issues from the wounded flesh. Cotton, on the contrary, is apt to irritate a wound or a grazed skin, because its fibres are flat, and have sharp edges, and it has not the power of absorbing moisture to anything like the extent which linen has. It is for these reasons that the use of cotton in such cases is injurious.

J. C. K.—Let your workmen sing at their toil, if they wish to do so. It lightens their labors very much, keeps up their spirits, and enables them to do far more work, year in and year out, than they could do without the exhileration of song. Music aids all kinds of simultaneous toil, as is well known on shipboard, on Southern plantations, and among nearly all the laborers of continental Europe. The Germans thresh by music, with a perfect regard to time, in all the alterations of triple and common measure. They sometimes amuse themselves by imitating all the gradations of soft, loud, mezzo, pianissimo, and fortissimo, and convert what would be downright drudgery in America, to a prolonged and playful frolic. Let your workmen sing as much as they please.

LIGMA.—As you say your nephew is passionately fond of the study of astronomy, why not select a telescope for his birthday present. A superior one, with a three-inch object glass, and five feet length of tube, could be got for about $100. With such an instrument he could separate the north star, and penetrate far enough into the telescopic heavens to gratify his ambition in that direction for many years to come, as with it he can see the rings of Saturn, the moons of the planets, and unfold thousands of beauties and wonders unknown to the naked eye. What is known as the "Dolland telescope" is the best, but in order to insure a good instrument you should have some experienced person "try it on" the north star, the moon, the pleiades, &c., at night.

RUFUS.—You should not take the advice of everybody who pretends to be a physician, especially if his advice is against the dictates of common sense. Cold water is undoubtedly a very good thing when it is properly taken, but it is not a universal panacea for all the ills of life. And in these sweltering days, the "doctor" who advises you to drink as much ice-water as you can, no matter whether you are cool or freely perspiring, goes in direct opposition to all human experience. During the hottest days of summer much caution is necessary in regard to the drinking of ice-water, and it should not be taken in inordinate quantities at any time.

VEXATION.—You should keep your temper. Scolding never yet effected any good with a woman; and if you fret and scold at your wife for "too much visiting," she will roam all the more. Be amiable and attentive to her, and she will be far more likely to stay at home than if you attempt to exert your authority. Women laugh at that sort of thing now-a-days. Besides, do you not remember what one who is an authority in such matters has said?—

"We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or band
For *dame* who likes to rove?"

MABELLE.—You had better take your father's advice, and, instead of "going the round" of the watering-places this season, retire far into the country, and spend the summer months in rambling over hills and scouring across country on horseback, and live on the simple and wholesome diet of well-to-do farmers. Then you will come back to town with such elasticity in your step and such roses in your cheeks as will excite the envy of all the watering-place belles of your acquaintance.

A YOUNG COUPLE want to know which will give a person the most happiness or pleasure—work, or play? staying at home, or visiting and running about? We cannot answer this question specifically, for neither work nor play is in itself agreeable, if work be understood to be labor merely, and play diversion from it. That employment is always most agreeable which combines the two; and we all very promptly remark of any man who is fond of his employment that he is sure to succeed, for his heart is in it; whereas, the merchant or mechanic who neglects his business for any kind of "play" is at once set down as doomed to bankruptcy ere long, if a worse fate than even that be not in store for him. Every man should make his employment his pleasure; he should fear and distrust every symptom of alienation of heart from his business. It is the root of a disease which grows apace, and very speedily brings a man to ruin. So with a woman. Home should always be the scene of her greatest pleasures. The "gad-about" is neither happy herself nor the cause of happiness to her family. A little sight-seeing, at times, is good for the spirits, and affords an agreeable topic for domestic conversation. But a mother who is restless at home—who must always be dining out or dancing out, or seeing spectacles, or hearing concerts, or paying morning visits, and circulating and collecting gossip, is a profligate woman, however chaste, and has lost her character of matron, if she ever had it. Her children will never bless her, nor will her memory be honored. Moreover, she is not so happy, either at home or abroad, as she whose duties and amusements are identical—whose work is her play. Let our "young couple" take these truths to heart.

EMILINE.—There were no watches or clocks in the days of the Apostles, nor any division of the day into hours, minutes, seconds, &c. We are so accustomed to such a division of time, that it hardly occurs to us that it has not always been customary. But the fact is, that prior to the Christian era the great mass of the people only knew of the grand divisions of morning, noon, and night, and even the most cultivated persons had no such accurate divisions of time as we are familiar with. The ancient inhabitants of Germany and Northern Europe knew nothing about the division of the day into hours, and the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans long wanted this important help to regulate their occupations. It is not known precisely when clocks and watches were invented, but they were somewhat in use prior to the year 1000. They were articles of great curiosity at first. In the year 1370 Charles V. of France, surnamed "the Wise," gave one Henry von Wick, a famous clock-maker, great emoluments to come from Germany to Paris, and make a large clock for the steeple of his Royal Palace. In 1334 a "steeple-clock" was made in Padua, in Upper Italy, which struck all the hours, and was an object of wonder and even of superstition to the whole country. The first watches were larger than such as are made now-a-days, and were of the shape of an egg. In fact, they were called "Nuremberg eggs," most of them being made in Nuremberg, in Germany. But the cunning makers soon learned to make them small; and the Emperor, Charles V., (about 1580,) had one in his finger-ring, and soon after the ladies began to wear watches of diminutive size for earrings.

G. R. Y.—Your teacher is mistaken by some twenty years. Quakers were first seen in America in the year 1656. In that year Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, two members of that sect, arrived in Boston, and after much deliberation on the part of the authorities, they were sent back to England. During the following year great numbers of these excellent people arrived in Massachusetts, and the persecution of them waxed severe. In 1658 they were banished from the colony on pain of death, and finally William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, Nicholas Davis, Mary Dyar, and William Leddra, leading members of the society of Friends, or Quakers, were hanged in Boston, "for heresy." In regard to this, and other similar acts of tyranny, we have only to say, *that persecution is not a matter of sect, but of human nature.* Every sect, whether Christian or pagan, that has got supreme control, has been led into the persecution of those who rejected their doctrines. There have always been people—and good people, too—who believed in "purifying with fire, or hemp, or the headsman's ax;" and there are many now who think that nothing would do the Christian world so much good as a terrific persecution. We have always observed, however, that such people do not think persecution would do *them* good, how beneficial soever it might be for their neighbors.

JOSEPHINE.—You were very imprudent. The practice of young ladies, in making a display of their voices and talents in company, is not less dangerous than the Spanish fashion, which led them into the exposure of all their personal charms. Nor is the ostentatious display of the endowments of the mind less indecorous than that of personal beauties; for it causes the world to talk too much of a woman. Depend upon it that she who is least talked of is either the most virtuous or the most prudent, and certainly the happiest of her sex. It seems as if society was now striving to withdraw, more and more, the vail which nature has thrown over the fair sex. The flower expands with a superior brilliancy in the sun, but the sun more speedily dries up the dew, which, while covering the flower, hightens its beauty and its fragrance.

PERSECUTION.—Yours is not a case of persecution, but of just retribution. The faculty did right in expelling you from the academy. A boy who would put a dead snake in the bed of a poor, nervous, sick little fellow-student, who cannot bear the sight of a reptile, ought not only to be expelled from the institution, but should be severely punished otherwise. Your plea that you "only did it as a practical joke," fails altogether to meet the case. He who can look upon the terrible sufferings of a sick comrade, occasioned by the discovery of what he supposes to be a deadly serpent in his bed, *as a joke*, betrays a degree of inhumanity which must excite feelings of unutterable disgust in the bosom of every right-minded person. Practical jokes of every description are reprehensible. They are almost certain to lead to some calamity.

JASMINE.—You probably can not do anything to make your truant lover return to his allegiance. A man of strong moral principle, who has once plighted his faith with a woman, will remain true to his vows, even should he afterward see another whom he feels he could love more dearly. But a man who is destitute of moral principle, as your lover seems to be, can only be governed by attraction, by fear, or by self-interest. So, if your rival is richer than you are, or is to him more attractive, you can never regain your influence over him, unless, for some cause or other, he *dare* not greatly offend you. Our advice is, that you should let him go, and be thankful for your riddance of him. An unprincipled or a vacillating man can not make a happy home for any woman.

HETTY.—You must take better care of your flowers, if you would have them thrive. The gorgeous flower you refer to is not *piney* (pie ny) but *peony*, pronounced *pee-o-ny*. The bachelor's button is a species of renunculus. There are a great many varieties of it, such as double white flowered and double yellow flowered. Some are large and some small. Some flower early and some late, as some bachelors marry early and others when well stricken in years. A celebrated female botanist says the different varieties of the bachelor's button are all very handsome and desirable—more, we fear, than can be said of the bachelors themselves.

SUSANNAH.—You should of course play such music as your father wishes you to perform, rather than such as your teacher recommends. Your father is probably not what is called a "cultivated musician," and cannot enjoy highly artistic and involved music, hence his difference in taste and opinion with your teacher. The old gentleman, when he comes home at night wearied out with the harrassing toils of the day, wants to hear simple and lively airs, that will cheer him up and invigorate his drooping energies: and you should play such for him, no matter how much your teacher may sneer at them.

B. B. B.—You must keep your "favorite Newfoundland" at home during the dog-days, or else he will almost certainly be brought to an untimely end by the profuse application of croton, at the dog-pound. They drown all manner of dogs there, which are not reclaimed by their owners before sundown of the day on which they are taken thither. Your anathemas against the "dog-law" are as foolish as they are ineffectual. It is necessary that the community should be protected against danger from mad dogs, and the whole canine race are not worth the imperiling of one human life by the terrible disease of hydrophobia.

JONATHAN.—Whether you had better go through college and run the risk of the young lady's "waiting for you," or whether you would act wisely to enter upon more active business and marry the girl at once, is a question which you alone can decide, as you alone know *all* the circumstances. At your age, a delay of four or five years in your matrimonial designs would do you no harm.

D. L. S. H.—Such a short person as you describe yourself to be should not write such a long letter. We cannot afford to wade through page after page of preliminary and collateral matter to get at the main idea. Correspondents should dash at what they want to say at once, without compliments, excuses or explanations.

AL MOORAD.—You had better pursue a manly, straightforward course. No good ever comes of trickery. Cunning is a distinguishing characteristic of inferior, mean, and unprincipled beings. The Indians of our forests, the Thugs of India, the rogues and rascals of all lands, are noted for their cunning.

PETER.—You should of course pay for the young lady's miniature, if you ask her for it. Had she voluntarily offered it to you, the case would be different. You should never ask a favor of a lady, and then make her pay the expenses of granting it.

P. L.—The art of taking pictures by what is known as the Daguerrean process is named from Daguerre, who was the inventor of it: hence daguerreotype, and the other derivatives used in speaking of the art, its action, results, etc.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*